

H Y M N S

F O R

C H I L D R E N.



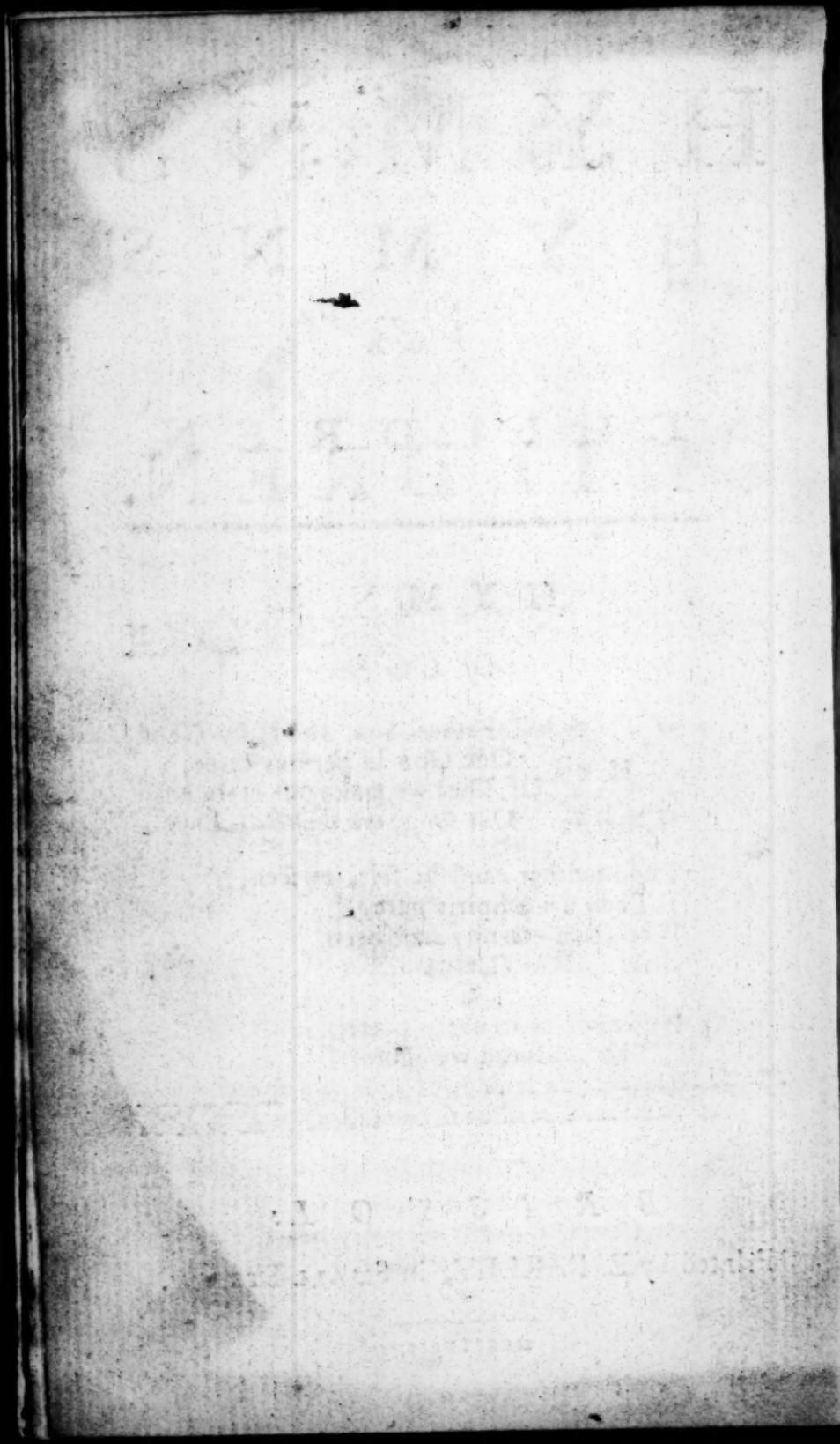
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H Y M N S

F O R

C H I L D R E N.

H Y M N I.

Of GOD.

1 *AIL Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Of Thee we make our early boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt, or seen,
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place
Thy Godhead we adore,
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to Thee.

A z

5 What-

5 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
 Thou dost, in heaven above:
 But chiefly we rejoice to know
 Th' almighty GOD is LOVE.

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
 Thy Goodness we rehearse
 In shining characters display'd
 Throughout our universe.

7 Mercy, and love, and endless grace
 O'er all thy works doth reign:
 But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
 Thy fav'rite creature, man.

8 Wherefore let every creature give
 To Thee the praise design'd;
 But chiefly, LORD, the thanks receive,
 The hearts of all mankind.

H Y M N II.

Of the Creation and Fall of Man.

1 **O** All-creating GOD,
 At whose supream decree
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,
 Our soul sprang forth from Thee;
 For this Thou hast design'd,
 And form'd us man for this,
 To know, and love Thyself, and find
 In Thee our endless bliss.

2 Thou the first happy pair
 In paradise didst place,
 To reap the joys and pleasures there,
 And sing the Giver's praise:

Of

FOR CHILDREN. 5

Of all the trees but one
Forbidden was, to prove
Their due regard to God alone,
Their firm obedient love.

3 But O they rashly took
Of the forbidden tree,
Thine easy, sole commandment broke,
And sinn'd, and fell from Thee :
Of their wide-spreading fault
The sad effects we find ;
Anguish, and sin, and death it brought
On us, and all mankind.

4 Infected by their stain
In sin we all are born,
And liable to grief and pain,
Till we to dust return :
To every sin inclin'd,
Selfish we are, and proud,
Our will perverse, our carnal mind
Is enmity to God.

5 Dead to the things above,
While in our lost estate,
Children of wrath, the world we love,
And Thee by nature hate ;
In pining griefs and cares
We spend our wretched breath,
And die the miserable heirs
Of everlasting death.

H Y M N III.

Of the Redemption of Man.

1 **S**AVIOUR from sin, from death, from hell
Thee, JESUS CHRIST, with joy we own,
The Man who lov'd our souls so well,
The Father's everlasting Son.

A 3

2 Thou

2 Thou for our sake a Man wast made,
 The burthen of a virgin's womb,
 Didst live, and suffer in our stead,
 And rise triumphant from the tomb.

3 What hath thy death for sinners gain'd ?
 What hath thy life to sinners given ?
 For every soul of man obtain'd ?
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Soon as our broken hearts repent,
 Soon as I do in Thee believe,
 The power into my soul is sent,
 And then my pardon I receive.

H Y M N IV.

The same.

1 O Could I now to God return
 With all sincerity of grief,
 My sinfulness, and folly mourn,
 My guilt, and helpless unbelief !

2 O could I now the faith obtain
 That evidence of things unseen,
 And know the Lamb for sinners slain,
 For me, the sinfulest of men !

3 Come, Holy-Ghost, the grace impart,
 Reveal the dying Deity,
 And feelingly convince my heart
 He lov'd, and gave himself for me.

4 The pardon on my conscience seal,
 Inspire the sense of sin forgiven,
 And all my new-born soul shall feel
 That holiness is present heaven.

H Y M N

HYMN V.

The same.

1 **H**APPY the man, who JESUS knows,
By holy faith to JESUS join'd!
His pure believing heart o'erflows
With love to GOD, and all mankind.

2 Redeem'd from all iniquity,
From every evil work and word,
From every sinful temper free,
He lives devoted to his LORD.

3 Little, and vile in his own eyes,
All good he gives to GOD alone:
Sav'd from self-will he ever cries
LORD, not my will, but thine, be done.

4 Sav'd from the love of all below,
Heavenward his every wish aspires;
Nothing but CHRIST resolv'd to know,
God, only God, his heart desires.

5 Sav'd from all evil words, he speaks
For GOD, and ministers his grace;
Sav'd from all evil deeds, he seeks
In all t' advance his Maker's praise.

6 Whether he eats, in faith, or drinks,
He spreads his Maker's praise abroad,
Whether he acts, or speaks, or thinks,
He only aims t' exalt his GOD.



HYMN

H Y M N VI.

Of the Means of Grace.

- 1 GOD of all-alluring Grace,
 Thee thro' JESUS CHRIST we praise,
Father, in thy Spirit's power,
 Thee we for thy grace adore.
- 2 Sent in JESU's mighty name,
 Grace with GOD from heaven came,
Grace on all mankind bestow'd,
 Grace, the life and power of GOD.
- 3 Us, whoe'er the gift receive,
 It enables to believe,
Helps our souls infirmity
 Still to live, and die with Thee.
- 4 In the means Thou hast enjoin'd,
 All who seek the grace shall find,
In the prayer, the fast, the word,
 In the supper of their LORD.
- 5 Thus the saints of ancient days
 Waited, and obtain'd thy grace,
Drank the blood by JESUS shed,
 Daily on his body fed.
- 6 Thus the whole assembly join'd
 JESUS in the midſt to find,
Prayer presenting to the skies,
 Morn and evening sacrifice.
- 7 Jointly praying, and apart,
 Each to Thee pour'd out his heart,
Solemnly thy grace implor'd,
 Still continued in the word:

8 Search'd

9 FOR CHILDREN.

8 Search'd the scriptures day and night,
(All their comfort, and delight
There to catch thy Spirit's power)
Heard, and read, and liv'd them o'er.

9 Twice a week they fasted then,
Purest of the sons of men,
Choicest vessels of thy grace,
Patterns to the faithful race.

10 Still to us they speak, tho' dead,
Bid us in their footsteps tread,
Bid us never dare remove
From the channels of thy love.

11 Never will we hence depart,
'Till our all in all Thou art,
'Till from outward means we fly,
'Till we on thy bosom die.

H Y M N VII.

Of Hell.

1 WRETCHED souls, who live in sin,
Who their Lord by deeds deny!
Tophet yawns to take them in,
Soon as their frail bodies die,
They their due reward shall feel,
Dreadfully thrust down to hell.

2 Dark and bottomless the pit
Which on them its mouth shall close :
Never shall they 'scape from it :
There they shall in endless woes
Weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth,
Die an everlasting death.

3 There

3 There their tortur'd bodies lie,
 Schorch'd by the consuming fire,
 There their souls in torments cry,
 Rack'd with pride and fierce desire;
 Fear, and grief their spirits tear,
 Rage, and envy, and despair.

4 Every part its curse sustains,
 Every faculty of soul,
 All the power of hellish pains
 Joins to make their measure full,
 Fiends, themselves, and conscience join,
 Heighten'd all by wrath divine.

5 There they lie, alas, how long !
 Never can they hope release ;
 Not a drop to cool their tongue,
 Not an hour, a moment's ease ;
 Damn'd they are, and still shall be,
 Damn'd to all eternity !

H Y M N VIII.

Of Heaven.

1 **W**H ERE shall true Believers go,
 When from the flesh they fly ?
 Glorious joys ordain'd to know
 They mount above the sky,
 To that bright celestial place ;
 There they shall in raptures live
 More than tongue can e'er express,
 Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are entred there,
 Their mourning days are o'er,
 Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
 And fighing is no more :

Subject

Subject then to no decay
 Heavenly bodies they put on,
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy, shall be
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see :
 With that beatific sight
 Glorious extasy is given,
 This is their suprem delight,
 And makes an heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding face to face,
 To Him they glory give,
 Bless his name, and sing his praise,
 As long as God shall live,
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employ'd in heaven they are :
 LORD, receive my happy soul
 With all thy servants there !

HYMN IX.

1 **T**EACHER, Guide of young beginners,
 Let a child approach to Thee,
 Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners,
 Thee, who diedst to ransom me :
 Into thy protection take me,
 Full of goodness as thou art,
 After thy own image make me,
 Make me after thy own heart.

2 Exercise the potter's power
 Over this unshapen clay :
 Call me in the morning hour,
 Teach my simpleness the way :

With

With a tender awe inspire,
 That I never more may rove;
 The faint spark of good desire
 Blow into a flame of love.

3 O my everlasting Lover,
 Thee that I may love again,
 To mine inmost soul discover
 All thy dying love for man;
 By thy Spirit's inspiration
 Make thy depths of mercy known,
 Seal the heir of sure salvation,
 Then translate me to thy throne.

H Y M N X.

1 **A**LMIGHTY GOD, to Thee I cry,
 Assist a child's infirmity,
 Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
 While my heart wanders far from Thee.

2 Ah, never let me speak a word,
 But what with all my soul I mean,
 Or lie to Thee, Thou glorious LOR D,
 By whom my every thought is seen.

3 With what submissive lowliness
 Shall I approach thy gracious throne?
 How can I hope by words to please,
 To please a God I have not known?

4 I know not what to do, or say,
 'Till I thy blessed Spirit receive,
 And JESUS teaches me to pray,
 And JESUS teaches me to live.

HYMN XI.

1 GLORIOUS GOD, accept an heart
That pants to sing thy praise:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days;
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness shew,
None thy Majesty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might;
Happy in thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,
Thou thy goodness hast display'd,
On thine every work imprest,
Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing Thou, that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each or blis or woe
With strictest justice give:
Thou with perfect righteousness
Rendereſt every man his due,
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threatenings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee,
Hear me then for pardon call,
And shew thy grace to me,
Me by mercy reconcil'd,
Me for JESU's sake forgiven,
Me receive, thy fav'rite child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

H Y M N XII.

1 **O** Thou whom none hath seen or known,
But He that in thy bosom lies,
Thine heavenly best-beloved Son,
Creator both of earth and skies,
He only knows, and can explain
Thy Godhead to the sons of men.

2 Not all the things we read or hear
Can Thee unto our souls reveal,
Not all the art of man declare ;
Thy Spirit must the secret tell,
Into our deepest darkness shine,
And manifest the things divine.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
The Spirit of thy Son impart,
To us who humbly seek thy face,
Who pray for light with all our heart,
And long to know thy blessed will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil.

H Y M N XIII.

1 **T**HOU, O GOD, art good alone,
(Praise to Thee alone be given)
Truly issues from thy throne
All the good in earth and heaven,
Good if e'er in man we see,
LORD, it all proceeds from Thee.

2 Unassisted by thy grace
We can only evil do,
Wretched is the human race,
Wretched more than words can shew,
Till thy blessing from above
Tells our hearts that GOD is Love.

HYMN XIV.

1 **A**LL power to save, O LORD, is thine,
 Receive this ruin'd soul of mine,
 Upon thy mercy cast ;
 Do with me what, and as Thou wilt,
 But throughly purge away my guilt,
 And save my soul at last.

2 What I into thy hands commend,
 Keep, and continue to defend,
 In humble faith I pray,
 Evil and danger turn aside,
 And me, and my companions hide
 Against that awful day.

3 Then, LORD, by thine almighty power
 Our bodies and our souls restore,
 Committed to thy care,
 Our hidden life with CHRIST reveal,
 And lift us to thy heavenly hill,
 To see thy glory there.

HYMN XV.

1 **M**AKER, Saviour of Mankind,
 Who hast on me bestow'd
 An immortal soul, design'd
 To be the house of God,
 Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove,
 Make me just, and good like Thee,
 And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thine image rise
 A saint, a creature new,
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too :

This thy primitive design,
 That I should in Thee be blest,
 Should within the arms divine
 Forever ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done,
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher,
 Thee descending on a cloud
 When with ravish'd eyes I see,
 Then I shall be fill'd with God
 To all eternity.

H Y M N XVI.

1 **A**UTHOR, and End of my desires,
 From whom my every blessing flow'd,
 I *would* whate'er thy will requires ;
 Whate'er thy will requires is good.

2 I would (but Thou must give the power)
 From all beside my will avert,
 Nor ever grieve thy goodness more,
 Nor ever follow my own heart.

3 Spring of all good thy will I own,
 The fountain of all evil mine ;
 Father, let mine no more be done,
 Let all obey the will divine.

4 We came into the world to do
 The will of Him that plac'd us here,
 And who their own desires pursue,
 Can never in thy sight appear.

5 What then shall of our souls become
 Used our own pleasures to fulfil ?
 Eternal death must be the doom
 Of all that follow their own will.

6 But

6 But O, to Thee for help we cry,
Save, or we sink into the pit,
Ourselves assist us to deny,
And to thy blessed will submit.

7 Father, for JESU's sake alone,
Thine all sufficient grace impart,
Save us, in honour of thy Son,
And God-ward turn the selfish heart.

8 So shall we every moment feel,
(When Thou the Holy-Ghost hast given)
To do our cursed will, is hell,
To do thy blessed will, is heaven.

HYMN XVII.

1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power,
Love Him, praise Him evermore,
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.

2 Born for this intent we are
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.

3 Lift we then our hearts to GOD,
Like the church above employ'd,
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King :

4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for man t'atone,
God, and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim.

5 Let us then to GOD aspire,
Rivals of the heavenly quire ;
Cherubims our faces wear,
Let us their enjoyments share.

6 Holy, holy, holy LOR_D,
 Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
 Fill'd with Thee let all things cry,
 Glory be to God most high !

H Y M N XVIII.

1 H APPY man whom God doth aid !
 God our soul, and body made,
 God on us in gracious showers,
 Blessings every moment pours ;
 Compasles with angel-bands,
 Bids them bear us in their hands :
 Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd,
 Life, and all descends from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
 Made the earth on which we tread,
 God refreshes in the air,
 Covers with the cloaths we wear,
 Feeds us in the food we eat,
 Chears us by the light and heat,
 Makes the sun on us to shine ;
 All our blessings are divine.

3 Give Him then, and always give
 Thanks for all that we receive :
 Man we for his kindness love,
 How much more our God above ?
 Worthy Thou, our heavenly LOR_D,
 To be honour'd, and ador'd,
 God of all-creating grace,
 Take the everlasting praise.

H Y M N XIX.

1 B UT what are all the blessings, LOR_D,
 Which our frail bodies prove,
 Unless Thou to our souls afford
 The happiness of love ?

2 Our souls (we above all desire)
 Our souls vouchsafe to bless,
 And into our young hearts inspire
 The knowledge of thy grace.

3 We lack the wisdom from on high,
 For love on Thee we call,
 Who never canst thyself deny,
 But giv'st thyself to all.

4 Then let us with thy gifts receive
 The Giver from above,
 And never sin, and never grieve
 The God whom once we love.

HYMN XX.

1 FATHER, to Thee thine own we give,
 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness praise,
 Thy benefits with thanks receive,
 And humbly sue for pardning grace,
 Thy mercy and thy strength implore
 To keep us, that we sin no more.
 We pray, but with our lips alone,
 'Till Thou infuse the pure desire,
 'Till Thou to flesh convert the stone,
 The gracious principle inspire,
 The supplicating Spirit impart,
 And bless us with a praying heart.

HYMN XXI.

1 WHAT matters it to pray
 To God in Jesu's name,
 Unless we feel the words we say,
 And hang upon the Lamb?
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 If strangers to his blood,
 We only take his name in vain,
 And mock th' Almighty God.

2 Father

2 Father of mercies, shew
 What we by nature were,
 Children of wrath, and doom'd below
 Eternal pains to bear :
 When JESUS CHRIST thy Son
 For helpless sinners died,
 That all who trust in Him alone,
 May know Thee pacified.

3 In Him if we believe,
 Thy mercies we partake,
 Who all good things art pleas'd to give
 To man for JESU's sake :
 We durst not ask thine aid,
 Or hope t' obtain thy love,
 But that his blood for us was shed,
 And speaks for us above.

4 Wherefore to Thee we cry,
 Thro' thy beloved Son,
 And fix on Him our stedfast eye
 Who stands before thy throne ;
 The good desires we feel,
 From Him, we own, they came,
 And them, according to thy will,
 Present in JESU's name.

5 Our prayers to his unite,
 And as thy Son's receive,
 And give, who ask in JESU's right,
 To us thy blessing give,
 Whate'er we thus desire,
 The suit of JESUS is :
 Hear then, and raise thy glory higher,
 By our eternal bliss.

H Y M N XXII.

1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,
 And infinite in power,
 Thee let all in earth and skies
 Eternally adore :

Give me thy converting grace,
 That I may obedient prove,
 Serve my Maker all my days,
 And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and cloaths, and food,
 And every comfort here,

Thee, my most indulgent GOD,
 I thank with heart sincere,
 For the blessings numberless,
 Which thou hast already given,
 For my smallest spark of grace,
 And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious GOD, my sins forgive,

And thy good Spirit impart,
 Then I shall in Thee believe
 With all my loving heart,
 Always unto JESUS look,
 Him in heavenly glory see,
 Who my cause hath undertook,
 And ever prays for me.

4 Grace in answer to his prayer,

And every grace bestow,
 That I may with zealous care
 Perform thy will below,
 Rooted in humility,
 Still in every state resign'd,
 Plant, Almighty LORD, in me
 A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor, and vile in my own eyes,

With self-abasing shame,
 Still I would myself despise,
 And magnify thy name :
 Thee let every creature bless,
 Praise to GOD alone be given ;
 GOD alone deserves the praise
 Of all in earth and heaven.

H Y M N XXIII.

1 **H**OW ignorant the human mind,
How totally shut up and blind,
Thro' our first parent's fall!
Strangers to God by nature, we
His things can neither know nor see,
But darkness covers all.

2 **G**D only can our sight restore,
And give us by his Spirit's power
Spiritual things to know,
His wisdom, majesty, and love
To view in all his works above,
And all his works below.

3 Who good pursue, and evil fly,
To them he grants the seeing eye,
To them Himself displays:
Shew then (for I thy will would do)
To me, great God, vouchsafe to shew
The wonders of thy grace.

4 Open mine eyes, the veil withdraw,
And I, O Lord, will keep thy law,
If Thou thy light impart,
Thro' grace determin'd to fulfil
Thy holy, good, and perfect will,
With all my loving heart.

H Y M N XXIV.

1 **T**EACHER of babes, to Thee
I for instruction flee,
In my natural estate
Thee, my God, I cannot know:
Let thy grace illuminate,
Thee let thy own Spirit shew.

2 Ah,

2 Ah, give me other eyes
 Than flesh and blood supplies,
 Spiritual discernment give ;
 Then command the light to shine,
 Then I shall the truth receive,
 Know by faith the things divine.

3 For this I ever pray,
 The darkness chase away
 From a foolish, feeble mind,
 Humbly offer'd up to Thee :
 Help me, LORD ; my soul is blind,
 Give me light, and eyes to see.

4 Thou seest my heart's desire,
 Whate'er thy laws require
 Freely, faithfully to do ;
 But I know not how t'obey,
 'Till thy Spirit lend a clue,
 Pointing out the living way.

Now, Father, send him down,
 To make thy Godhead known,
 Let him Thee in CHRIST reveal,
 Now diffuse thy love abroad,
 Shew me things unsearchable,
 All the heights and depths of GOD.

HYMN XXV.

1 **T**HREE, Maker of the world we praise,
 The end of our creation own,
 Being thou gav'ft the favourite race,
 That man might love his God alone,
 With knowledge fill'd, and joy, and peace,
 And glorious, everlasting bliss.

2 But man his liberty of will
 Abus'd, and turn'd his heart from Thee :
 His fault on us intail'd we feel,
 While born in sin and misery,

We

We from our God with horror fly,
And perish, and forever die.

3 We must have died that second death,
Had not the Son of God been man:
Jesus for us resign'd his breath,
For us reviv'd, and rose again,
He purg'd our sin, he bought our peace,
And fills us with his righteousness.

4 We now, by his good Spirit led,
Our own desires and will forego,
Delight in all his steps to tread,
And perfect holiness below,
Our ransom'd souls to God resign
Fill'd up with peace and joy divine.

5 In Jesus join'd to God again,
To all thy saints in earth and heaven,
We triumph with the sons of men,
Thy utmost grace to sinners given
Sure at his coming to receive,
And blest with Thee forever live.

H Y M N XXVI.

1 FOOLISH, ignorant, and blind
Is sinful, short-liv'd man,
All which in the world we find
Is perishing and vain,
Man must quickly turn to dust,
The world will be destroy'd by fire;
Who would then on either trust
Or dotingly admire?

2 GOD is good, and great alone,
In wisdom infinite:
Let us render him his own,
And still in God delight,

Fix on him our trust, and choice,
 And sing, and wonder, and adore,
 In his holy will rejoice,
 And triumph evermore.

HYMN XXVII.

- 1 COME, let us rival those above,
 Rejoicing in our Father's love,
 Our Father is th' almighty LORD,
 Our Father's glorious praise record ;
 He made us to rejoice in Him,
 Our first, and last, and endless theme.
- 2 Happy He doth and glorious live,
 Beyond what we can e'er conceive ;
 He always to his promise stood,
 Holy, and wise, and just, and good :
 Rejoice, that GOD a King remains,
 Rejoice that GOD for ever reigns.
- 3 Worthy is God, and God alone
 To be desir'd, and sought, and known,
 Honour and praise He should receive,
 And blessing more than man can give,
 And might, and majesty, and love,
 From all on earth, and all above.
- 4 Wherefore again we say rejoice,
 And make to GOD, a cheerful noise,
 To GOD who man for us became,
 Extol the mighty JESU's name,
 Who died to live, who stoop'd to rise,
 And take us with Him to the skies.

HYMN XXVIII.

- 1 COVER'D with conscious shame,
 And griev'd, O LORD, I am,
 C Praise

Praise to most unworthy me
 That my fellow-worms should give:
 Praise belongs to none but Thee,
 Praise let GOD alone receive.

2 Shall I, his creature I,
 By sinful robbery,
 Take the honour and esteem
 To my glorious Maker due?
 No; I leave it all to Him,
 Him from whom my life I drew.

3 Father, accept thine own
 Thro' JESUS CHRIST thy Son:
 Honour, glory, power is thine,
 Mine, (if Thou vouchsafe the grace)
 With that heavenly quire to join,
 In thine everlasting praise.

H Y M N XXIX.

1 R EJOICE in the LORD, Rejoice evermore!
 Who gave us the word, Shall give us
 the power:
 His grace is a treasure, Which when we obtain,
 Obedience is pleasure, And duty is gain,

2 The pleasure and gain of them that believe,
 The reason of man Can never conceive:
 Too big for expression The comfort and peace,
 'Tis present possession Of heavenly bliss.

3 Who share it above, They never can lose
 His heavenly love, or forfeit, like us,
 Immanuel's favour, And therefore they rest
 Wrapt up in their Saviour, And perfectly blest.

H Y M N XXX.

1 B UT we by divers ways
 May fall from JESU's grace,

Let

Let him every moment go,
Lose our treasure and reward ;
Watch we then against our foe,
Stand forever on our guard.

2 With reverential joy
Let us our time employ,
Joy at JESU's hands receive,
Temper'd with a serious fear,
Humbly, circumspectly live,
Sin, the world, and hell so near.

3 Dangers and snares abound,
And ever close us round,
Numberless, malicious powers
Fight against us night and day,
Satan as a lion roars,
Watching to devour his prey.

4 But our almighty LORD
Shall still his help afford,
Arm us with his patient mind,
'Till we see our conflicts past,
Perfect joy and safety find,
More than conquerors at last.

HYMN XXXI.

Before reading the Scriptures.

1 O That I, like *Timothy*,
Might the holy scriptures know,
From mine earliest infancy,
'Till for GOD mature I grow,
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize.

2 JESUS, all redeeming LORD,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word,
Teach me in my youthful days

Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise thro' faith which is in Thee.

3 Open now mine eyes of faith,
Open now the book of God,
Shew me here the secret path,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 COME let us embrace,
In our earliest days,
The offers of life and salvation by grace ;
Let us gladly believe,
And the pardon receive, [give.
Which the Father of mercies thro' JESUS doth

2 His kingdom below
He hath call'd us to know,
And in stature and heavenly wisdom to grow ;
In his work to remain,
'Till his image we gain,
And the fulness of CHRIST in perfection attain.

3 Then let us begin
By renouncing all sin, [clean :
And expecting the blood that shall wash our hearts
With endeavour sincere
To JESUS draw near,
And be instant in prayer, 'till our Saviour appear.

4 If now Thou art nigh,
Appear at our cry,
Thy love to reveal, and thy blood to apply,
Thy little ones own,
And perfect in one,
And admit us at last to a share of thy throne.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 **H**OSENNA to the Son
 Of David on his throne!
Coming in JEHOVAH's name,
 Us, and all mankind to bless,
Let the stammering babes proclaim,
 Let the songs of children praise.

2 JESUS will not despise
 Our meanest sacrifice :
Though by highest heaven ador'd,
 Children Thou dost still approve,
Suffer us to call Thee LORD,
 Smile to hear us lisp thy love.

3 Saviour, thy mercy's praise
 Shall take up all our days,
For this only thing we live,
 Our Redeemer to commend,
Glory, thanks to Thee we give,
 Soon begin, but never end.

4 Thee, LORD, we hope t' adore,
 When time shall be no more :
Only keep us to the day,
 When the angel-guards shall come,
Bear us on their wings away
 To our everlasting home.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 **H**OLY Child of heavenly birth,
 God made manifest on earth,
Fain I would thy follower be,
 Live in every thing like Thee.

2 Thou whom angels serve and fear,
 Subject to thy parents here,

Didst to me the pattern give,
How with mine I ought to live.

- 3 Teach me then betimes t' obey
Those who under GOD bear sway ;
Masters, ministers to love,
All their just commands approve.]
- 4 Let me to my betters bend,
Never wilfully offend,
By my meek submissiveness
Strive both GOD and them to please.
- 5 Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and chearful to fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will.
- 6 Keep me thus to GOD resign'd,
'Till his love delights to find
Fairly copied out on me
All the mind which was in Thee.

H Y M N XXXV.

A thought on judgment.

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain, or idle thought,
And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
Of my behaviour here !

4 Thou

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow,
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak and do.

5 If now Thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel Thee near,
 And make my peace with GOD, before
 I at thy bar appear.

6 My peace Thou hast already made,
 While hanging on the tree,
 My sins He on thy body laid,
 And punish'd them in Thee.

7 Ah, might I, LORD, the virtue prove,
 Of thine atoning blood,
 And know, Thou ever liv'st above
 My Advocate with GOD;

8 Receive the answer of thy prayer,
 The sense of sin forgiven,
 And follow Thee with loving care,
 And go in peace to heaven.

H Y M N XXXVI.

1 THE LORD he knows the thoughts of men,
 That they are foolish all and vain,
 'Till chastened by affliction's rod,
 The sinners mourn, and turn to God.

2 O might his grace victorious prove,
 And draw us with the cords of love
 To seek Him in the dawn of day,
 And gladly from our hearts obey.

3 Father, the kind instruction give,
 And let us now begin to live,
 To live the life of piety,
 To live like creatures born for Thee.

4 Taught

4 Taught by the Spirit of thy grace
 O may we rightly count our days,
 To wisdom's rules our hearts apply,
 And warm in life prepare to die.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
 Into those gracious hands of thine,
 Thy new-born children, L O R D , receive,
 With Thee eternally to live.

H Y M N XXXVII.

1 W HEN dear L O R D , ah, tell us when
 Shall we be in knowledge men,
 Men in strength and constancy,
 Men of God, confirm'd in Thee?

2 Childish now alas we are,
 Void of faith and watchful care,
 After all our teachers' pains,
 Little good in us remains.

3 Soon our best desires decay,
 As a cloud they pass away,
 Light receiv'd, the serious thought,
 Soon, and easily forgot.

4 O how fickle is our mind,
 More inconstant than the wind,
 Suddenly our goodness fails,
 Levity again prevails.

5 Strong and fervent for an hour,
 Then we cast away the power,
 Lose insensibly our zeal,
 Care for neither heaven nor hell.

6 JESUS, L O R D , we cry to Thee,
 Help our soul's infirmity,
 Great unchangeable I AM,
 Make us evermore the same.

7 Plant in us thy constant mind,
To thy cross our spirit bind,
That we may no longer rove,
Ground and stablish us in love.

8 Love that makes us creatures new,
Only love can keep us true,
Perfect love that casts out sin,
Perfect love is God within.

9 God with ⁱⁿ our hearts reside,
Then we shall in God abide,
Always firm and faithful prove,
Fixt in everlasting love.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 LET children proclaim Their Saviour and
King !
To Jesus's name Hosannas we sing,
Our best adoration To Jesus we give,
Who purchas'd salvation For all to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God From heaven came
down, [own ;
And ransom'd with blood, And made us his
He suffer'd to save us From sin and from
thrall, [all.
And Jesus shall have us, Who purchas'd us

3 To Him will we give Our earliest days,
And thankfully live, To publish his praise,
Our lives shall confess Him Who came from
above, [of his love.
Our tongues, they shall bless Him, And tell

4 In innocent songs His coming we shout:
Should we hold our tongues, The stones
would cry out: [claim,
But Him without ceasing We all will pro-
And ever be blessing Our Jesus's name.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXIX.

1 O SAVIOUR of all,
 We come at thy call,
 In the morning of life at thy feet do we fall.
 Thy mercy is free ;
 Our helplessness see,
 And let little children be brought unto Thee.

2 To us thy love shew
 Who nothing do know,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven below :
 O give us thy grace
 In our earliest days,
 And let us grow up to thy honour and praise.

3 But rather than live
 Thy goodness to grieve,
 Back into thy hands we our spirits would give :
 O take us away
 In the morn of our day,
 And let us no longer in misery stay.

4 If now we remove,
 Thy pity and love
 Will certainly take us to heaven above :
 With Thee we shall dwell,
 Who hast lov'd us so well :
 For O, wilt Thou send little children to hell?

5 We need not come there,
 But at death may repair
 To heaven, and heavenly happiness share :
 Us mercy shall raise
 To that happy place,
 And we shall behold with our angels thy face.

6 They now are our guard,
 And ready prepar'd
 To carry us hence to our glorious reward :

E'er

E'er long it shall be ;
 We are ransom'd by Thee,
 And we our all-loving Redeemer shall see.

7 Our bodies are thine,
 Our souls we resign
 To be wholly employ'd in the service divine,
 Our spirits we give
 For Thee to receive :
 O who would not die, with his Saviour to live !

HYMN XL.

At the opening of a school in Kingswood.

1 COME Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry,
 The good desir'd and wanted most
 Out of thy richest grace supply,
 The sacred discipline be given
 To train, and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer on them that end of all
 Our cares, and pains, and studies here,
 On them, recover'd from their fall,
 Stamp'd with the humble character,
 Rais'd by the nurture of the LORD,
 To all their paradise restor'd.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
 Their blindness both of heart and mind,
 Give them the wisdom from above,
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind,
 In knowledge pure their mind renew,
 And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
 Be here cut off, and cast aside :
 But let them, LORD, the substance gain,
 In every solid truth abide,

Swiftly

Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd
Knowledge and vital piety,
Learning and holiness combin'd,
And truth and love let all men see
In these whom up to Thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine to die and live.

6 Father, accept them in thy Son
And ever by thy Spirit guide,
Thy wisdom in their lives be shewn,
Thy name confess'd and glorified,
Thy power and love diffus'd abroad,
'Till all our earth is fill'd with God.

H Y M N XLI.

1 C A P T A I N of our salvation, take
The Souls we here present to Thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These Heirs of immortality,
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant them to the skies.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burthen of thy cross,
Inur'd to toil, and patient pain,
'Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our Sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love Thee all their days:
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace,
Let each improve the grace bestow'd,
Rise every child a man of God !

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, LORD,
 In all their Captain's steps to tread,
 Or send them to proclaim the word,
 Thy gospel thro' the world to spread,
 Freely as they receive to give,
 And preach the death by which they live.

HYMN XLII.

1 BUT who sufficient is to lead,
 And execute the vast design ?
 How can our arduous toil succeed,
 When earth and hell their forces join
 The meanest instruments t' o'erthrow
 Which Thou hast ever used below ?

2 Mountains alas, on mountains rise,
 To make our utmost efforts vain,
 The work our feeble strength defies,
 And all the helps and hopes of man,
 Our utter impotence we see ;
 But nothing is too hard for Thee.

3 The things impossible to man
 Thou canst for thy own people do :
 Thy strength be in our weakness seen,
 Thy wisdom in our folly shew,
 Prevent, accompany, and bless,
 And crown the whole with full success.

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
 The wisdom of the Deity
 Direct, and govern all our ways,
 And all our works be wrought in Thee,
 Our blasted works, we know, shall fail,
 And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But O, almighty GOD of love,
 Into thy hand the matter take,
 The mountain-obstacles remove
 For thy own truth and mercy sake,

Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

H Y M N XLIII.

1 **H**OW hapless are the letter'd youth,
How distant from the paths of truth
And solid happiness !
Their knowledge makes them doubly blind,
The medicine for their sin-sick mind
But heightens their disease.

2 The world's, and sin's, and Satan's prey,
At the first step they go astray,
Nor ever God intend :
They do not at his glory aim,
Begin their work in Jesus's name,
Or make his love their end.

3 By ten years feige the fort they take,
And learning's shell their own they make
With outward knowledge fraught ;
But tutor'd for this world alone,
The one thing needful to be known
They and their Guides forgot.

4 In specious pride and envy bred,
Down a broad beaten track they tread,
As vicious nature draws,
With hellish emulation fir'd,
They lust to be caref'sd, admir'd,
And pamper'd with applause.

5 Their teachers edge their thirst of fame,
And pour more oil upon the flame,
And raise their passions higher ;
Like Herod, each the children slays,
Or makes the helpless victims pass
To Moloch thro' the fire.

6 Who shall arise in their defence,
 The cause of injur'd innocence
 With generous zeal maintain,
 Train up poor children for the L O R D ,
 And serve, expecting no reward,
 'Till one in heaven they gain ?

7 L O R D , if Thou hast our hearts inclin'd,
 And for this very thing design'd
 The meanest of the croud,
 With suitable endowments bless,
 With gifts of learning and of grace,
 To build the house of G O D .

8 To those Thou shalt with us intrust,
 O make us diligently just,
 With strict fidelity
 To answer all we undertake,
 And not for gain but conscience sake,
 To breed them up for Thee.

9 Here let thy Providence preside,
 Thy Spirit be our constant Guide,
 Thy word our perfect rule,
 Their prayers let all the faithful join,
 With truth, and power, and love divine
 To found *The Christian School*.

10 So be it, L O R D , our labours speed,
 And for thyself raise up a seed,
 Thy name to glorify,
 A generation wise and good,
 With solid piety endued,
 And knowledge from on high.

11 Mould them according to thy will,
 And set the city on the hill,
 The fairly rising race,
 To scatter light on all around,
 And to succeeding times resound
 Thine everlasting praise.

H Y M N XLIV.

For the scholars.

1 O Thou, whose Providential grace
Hath been in our behalf made known,
From different parts by secret ways
Whose eye hath drawn us into one,
The things most excellent t' approve,
And learn the power of dying LOVE :

2 We lift our thankful hearts to Thee,
And gladly close with thy design,
With early zeal from evil flee,
In following after JESUS join,
And long to feel his sprinkled blood,
And long to cry, My LORD, my GOD !

3 Father, to us thy Spirit give,
Him in our youthful hearts reveal,
Him by whose precious death we live,
Redeem'd from sin, and earth, and hell,
Thro' whom our Eden we regain,
And then in heavenly glory reign.

4 Now, LORD, the gracious work begin,
His blood to every soul apply,
Assure me of my pardon'd sin,
Confirm, and throughly sanctify,
Prepare us for that endless rest,
And take thy children to thy breast.

H Y M N XLV.

1 H OW sad our state by nature is,
While enemies to God,
We wander from the way of peace,
And throng the downward road.²

² As

FOR CHILDREN. 41

2 As a wild ass's colt is man,
Untaught and unconfin'd,
'Till discipline his will restrain,
And faith inform his mind.

3 But O, with what reluctant strife
Do men themselves forego !
How late begin the work of life,
How late their Saviour know !

4 Call'd in the morning of their day,
How few like us are blest !
Us, if we now the call obey,
And fly to JESU's breast.

5 This, LORD, is our sincere desire
To find our rest in Thee,
To do whate'er thy laws require
In true simplicity ;

6 That inward change, that second birth,
By faith divine to prove,
And practise all thy will on earth,
As angels do above.

H Y M N XLVI.

1 **H**APPY *Samuel*, to God
In his infancy restor'd !
In his Maker's house he stood,
Ministring before the LORD :
There he liv'd to God alone,
Pure from sin's infecting stain,
Grew in years and wisdom on,
Favour'd both by GOD and man.

2 Happy Child ! who gain'd a place
To his heavenly LORD so near !
Happier still, who found the grace,
God's majestic voice to hear !

Mysteries hidden from the wise,
 From the prudent *men* conceal'd,
 God, the Lord of earth and skies,
 To a simple babe reveal'd.

3 LORD of earth and skies, again
 To a child thyself make known:
 Chosen from the sons of men,
 Am not I thy sacred loan?
 Yes, I to thy temple come,
 By my parents piety
 Dedicated from the womb,
 Freely given up to Thee.

4 Thine, O Lord, I surely am,
 But to me unknown Thou art:
 Come, and call me by my name,
 Whisper to my listening heart,
 Stir me up to seek thy face,
 Claim me in my tender years,
 Manifest the word of grace:
 Speak, for now thy servant hears.

5 Fain I would, I would believe,
 Hear by faith thy pardning voice;
 Of thy love the knowledge give,
 Bid me, Lord, in Thee rejoice,
 Now thy gracious Self reveal,
 Speak in power and peace divine,
 Pardon on my conscience seal,
 Seal thy child for ever thine.

H Y M N XLVII.

1. FATHER, with joy we praise
 Thy Providential care,
 Snatch'd in our youthful days
 From sin and Satan's snare,

We

FOR CHILDREN.

43

We own, and thankfully approve

Thy merciful design,
And vow to seek the things above,
And live entirely thine.

2 But vain our vows, we know,
And strongest promises,
Unless our GOD bestow

The power himself to please :
Nor men, nor means can change the heart,
Or render it sincere,
'Till Thou the principle impart
Of godly, gracious fear.

3 Hear then thy children's call,
Fulfil thine own desire,
And kindle in us all
A spark of heavenly fire,
A taste of GOD, a seed of grace
Let every soul receive,
And now begin the Christian race,
And now begin to live.

Train'd up in the true way
Wherein we ought to go,
Preserve us, lest we stray,
When more in years we grow ;
O let us not, when old, depart
From our integrity,
But love our GOD with all our heart,
And live and die to Thee.

H Y M N. XLVIII.

HOW wretched are the boys at school,
Who wickedly delight
To mock, and call each other fool,
And with each other fight!

2 Who

2 Who soon their innocence lose,
 And learn to curse and swear :
 Or, if they do no harm, suppose
 That good enough they are.

3 O how much happier we than they !
 We from the paths of vice
 Remov'd far off, and taught the way
 That leads us to the skies !

4 We to the Lamb's atoning blood
 Are pointed in our youth,
 And rightly taught to worship God
 In spirit and in truth.

5 Yet nought have we whereof to boast,
 As wiser than the rest :
 He is not wise who knows the most,
 But he who lives the best.

6 If God on us hath much bestow'd,
 He will require the more :
 We ought to serve and love our God
 With all our heart and power.

7 But if we live in vice and sin,
 And make him no return,
 Far better it for us had been
 That we had ne'er been born.

8 We shall with many stripes be beat,
 The sorest judgment feel,
 And of all wicked children meet
 The hottest place in hell.

H Y M N XLIX

BUT O, we hope for better things :
 Who left his throne above,
 We trust, shall hide us with his wings,
 And wrap us in his Love :

2 He who so much for us hath done,
 Will still our souls defend,
 And carry on the work begun
 To a triumphant end.

3 Guide of our weak unstable youth,
 Jesu, thy Spirit give,
 To lead into all saving truth
 Us who thy grace receive.

4 We do with thanks receive it now,
 To keep with humble care,
 And all our necks and spirits bow
 Thine easy yoke to bear.

5 To Thee our stedfast hearts shall cleave
 In these our early days,
 Thee whom we long to serve, and live
 To spread abroad thy praise.

6 Out of our mouth and life, O Lord,
 Thy perfect praise ordain ;
 And let us live to keep thy word,
 And die with Thee to reign.

H Y M N L.

1 **H**OW happy, Lord, thy children are,
 Far from the world and all its care,
 And all its sin remov'd !
 Thou dost for us a place provide,
 And in the secret desert hide,
 And nourish thy Belov'd.

2 Hither by special Mercy led,
 A little flock, a chosen seed,
 We shun the paths of men,
 Call'd in our consecrated youth,
 To listen for the voice of truth,
 And solid learning gain.

3 Thou

3 Thou call'st us here to seek thy face,
 To learn the lessons of thy grace,
 And feel th' atoning blood :
 Thou talk'st to every heart sincere,
 And all thy pard'ning voice may hear,
 And find Thee in the wood.

4 Come then, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Now in the morning of our day,
 These clouds of sin remove,
 Make us unto salvation wise,
 And help us to secure the prize
 Of thy eternal love.

H Y M N L I.

1 **O** For a thankful heart
 Our Father's love to own,
 To taste how merciful Thou art
 In all that Thou hast done !
 How bountiful and kind
 To us above the rest,
 If blest with a contented mind,
 We know that we are blest.

2 Thy Providence hath car'd
 For our simplicity,
 For us a place and means prepar'd
 Of rightly knowing Thee :
 To glorify thy name
 Us thou hast hither led,
 To serve and love the bleeding Lamb,
 Who suffer'd in our stead.

3 Ah, let us not receive
 Thy choicest grace in vain,
 Nor ever more thy Spirit grieve,
 Or put our LORD to pain !

Lightneſſ

Lightness and discontent
 With every sin depart,
 And let us each to Thee present
 A willing, honest heart.

LORD, we present it now
 For Thee to form anew,
 Our Maker and Redeemer Thou,
 Thine utmost pleasure shew,
 In us with power fulfil
 The work of faith divine,
 And take us to thy heavenly hill,
 To live forever thine.

HYMN LII.

Before school.

FATHER, to Thee our souls we raise,
 And for a blessing look,
 Prevent, and help us by thy grace
 In learning of our book.

Give us an humble active mind,
 From sloth and folly free,
 Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
 To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
 With solid learning store,
 And still, O LORD, as more we know,
 Let us obey Thee more :

4 Let us things excellent discern,
 Hold fast what we approve,
 And above all delight to learn
 The lessons of thy love.

HYMN

H Y M N LIII.

In school.

1 **S**TILL let us keep the end in mind
For which we hither came,
In search of useful knowledge join'd,
As followers of the Lamb.

2 Thro' Him let us to God look up
In every step we take,
And for his constant blessing hope
For Jesus's only sake.

3 His grace if God on us confer,
We then shall dearn apace,
Live to his glory, and declare
Our heavenly Teacher's praise :

4 We in his favour shall retrieve
Our long lost paradise,
Take of the Tree of Life, and live
Immortal in the skies.

H Y M N LIV.

After school.

1 **J**ESUS we cast ourselves on Thee,
On Thee our works we cast,
The Alpha and Omega be
In all, the first and last.

2 If well we any thing have done,
'Tis owing to thy grace:
What therefore we with prayer begin,
We now conclude with praise.

3 We praise Thee for our master's care
To us poor children shew'd,
If forward brought to-day we are,
It is the gift of God.

4 We

4 We praise Thee for our hope to know
 The wisdom from above,
 And own that all our blessings flow
 From thy expiring love,

HYMN LV.

Against idleness.

1 IDLE boys and men are found
 Standing on the devil's ground,
 He will find them work to do,
 He will pay their wages too.

2 Are they not of wisdom void,
 Those that saunter unemploy'd,
 Young, or old, who fondly play
 Their important time away?

3 What a bold and foolish lye,
 When we hear a trifler cry,
 "I no other business have!"
 Has he not a soul to save?
 Has he from his L O R D above
 No one talent to improve?
 Let him go and mule on this,
 Sloth is the worst wickedness.

5 Sloth is the accursed root,
 Whence ten thousand evils shoot,
 Every vice and every sin
 Doth with idleness begin.

6 We by idleness expose
 Our own souls to endless woes,
 We, whenever loitering thus,
 Tempt the devil to tempt us.

7 But suffice the season past
 That our time away we cast,
 Thoughtless and insensible,
 Dancing on the brink of hell.

8 Let us now to Jesus turn,
 For our mis-spent moments mourn,
 Let us in his Spirit's power
 Promise to stand still no more.

9 Jesus, help; to Thee we pray,
 Take the cursed root away,
 Idleness far off remove,
 Let us Thee and labour love;

10 All our time and vigour give,
 Serve our Maker while we live,
 Use for God the talents given,
 Work on earth, and rest in heaven.

H Y M N LVI.

Against lying.

1 HAPPY the well-instructed youth
 Who in his earliest infancy,
 Loves from his heart to speak the truth,
 And like his God abhors a lye.

2 He that hath practis'd no deceit
 With false equivocating tongue,
 Nor ever durst o'er-reach, or cheat,
 Or slanderously his neighbour wrong;

3 He in the house of God shall dwell,
 He on his holy hill shall rest,
 The comforts of religion feel,
 And then be numbred with the blest.

4 But who or guile or falsehood use,
 Or take God's name in vain, or swear,
 Or ever lye, themselves t' excuse,
 They shall their dreadful sentence bear.

5 The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,
 Himself hath said, that every lyar
 Shall surely meet his just reward
 Assign'd him in eternal fire.

HYMN LVII.

1 O May I to my ways take heed,
 Nor ever with my tongue offend,
 Or grieve that GOD by word or deed,
 Whose wrath can punish without end!

2 O may I never, never tell,
 To gain the world, one wilful lye,
 For what would the whole world avail,
 If my own soul I lost thereby?

3 Thou, LORD, who art the truth, the way,
 On me thy saving grace bestow,
 To keep me, lest I go astray,
 To make me in thy footsteps go.

4 Still may I in the truth delight,
 Still may I take delight in Thee,
 Order my conversation right,
 And all thy great salvation see.

5 O shall I see thy face with joy,
 When caught up to thy throne above,
 And all eternity employ
 In praises of thy faithful love.

HYMN LVIII.

1 WHY should our parents call us good,
 And poison us with praise,
 When born in sin by nature proud,
 And void we are of grace?

2 Who fancy righteousness in man,
 Themselves they have not known,
 Evil are all our thoughts and vain,
 And GOD is good alone.

3 Good of himself He only is ;
 And if He makes us good,
 Our goodness is not ours, but his,
 For JESU's sake bestow'd.

4 O let us not ourselvess forget,
 Tho' man presume to praise,
 And puff us up with the conceit
 Of our own righteousness.

5 O let us as from serpents fly
 From all who us command,
 Or fill'd with just abhorrence cry,
 Get thee behind me, fiend !

6 Glory to God, if we receive
 The smallest spark of grace,
 He only doth our goodness give,
 And his be all the praise.

H Y M N LIX.

1 **A**ND am I born to die,
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown,
 A world of darkest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought,
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot !

2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be ;
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Shall angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the dam'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

5 O Thou who wouldest not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery,
Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when Thou comest on the throne,
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyself the way:
Thyself in me reveal,
So shall I pass my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise Thee in thy bright abode
Thro' all eternity.

H Y M N L X.

A thought on hell.

1. **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I
Of all alas, whom I have known,
Thro' sin forever die!
2. While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A blessing to receive;
3. Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Drag'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?
4. Abandon'd to extreme despair,
Eternally undone,
My Father would not own me then
His hell-devoted son.
5. Dissolv'd are nature's closest ties,
And bosom-friends forgot,
When God, the just Avenger, cries
Depart, I know you not.
6. But must I from his glorious face,
From all his saints retire?
But must I go to my own place
In everlasting fire?
7. While they enjoy his heavenly love,
Must I in torments dwell,
And howl (while they sing hymns above)
And blow the flames of hell?
8. Ah, no : I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays,
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

9 I will accept his offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.

10 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace thro' JESUS given,
 Sure, if with GOD on earth I live,
 To live with GOD in heaven.

HYMN LXI.

For the LORD's day.

1 COME, let us with our LORD arise,
 Our LORD who made both earth and skies,
 Who died to save the world He made,
 And rose triumphant from the dead;
 He rose, the Prince of life and peace,
 And stamp'd the day forever his.

This is the day the LORD hath made,
 That all may see his power display'd,
 May feel his resurrection's power,
 And rise again, to fall no more,
 In perfect righteousness renew'd,
 And fill'd with all the life of GOD.

3 Then let us render Him his own,
 With solemn prayer approach his throne,
 With meekness hear the gospel-word,
 With thanks his dying love record,
 Our joyful hearts and voices raise,
 And fill his courts with songs of praise.

4 Honour and praise to JESUS pay,
 Throughout his consecrated day,
 Be all in JESU's praise employ'd,
 Nor leave a single moment void,
 With utmost care the time improve,
 And only breathe his praise and love.

HYMN

H Y M N LXII.

On the same.

1 COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising LORD
Hath made and call'd his own :

2 This is the day which GOD hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ,
And in our LORD rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

H Y M N LXIII.

1 O Father of all,
The great and the small,
The old and the young,
Thanksgiving accept from a stammerer's tongue.
Thy goodness we praise,
Which has found us a place,
Has planted us here,
To be mildly brought up in thy nurture and fear.

2 Thy mercy and truth
In the days of our youth
We learn to adore,
And gladly acknowledge thy wisdom and power ;
Thy

Thy astonishing plan
To recover lost man,
With the heavenly quire,
We are taught in the morning of life to admire.

3. Thy favour we find
In the Friend of mankind,
Sent down from above,
The Witness and Proof of thy fatherly love :
With joy we embrace
Thy tenders of grace,
Thro' the blood of the Lamb,
And accept our salvation in Jesus's name.

4. Thy mercy hath brought
Salvation unsought,
To us, and to all,
And all may be fav'd, if they follow the call :
We follow it here,
'Till the Saviour appear,
His saints to approve,
and carry us up to his kingdom above.

HYMN LXIV.

1. **A**ND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?
What after death for me remains ?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains
Thro' all eternity.

2. How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay !
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day,

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone,
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 Th' inexorable throne.

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy :
 But O, when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destin'd place ?
 Must I my everlasting days
 With fiends, or angels spend ?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never never dies,
 How make my own salvation sure,
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

6 JESUS, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be Thou my strength, be Thou my way
 To glorious happiness,
 Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
 And whensoe'er I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace.

H Y M N LXV.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
 Your tuneful voices high,
 Old men and children, praise
 The LORD of earth and sky,
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
 Let all the worlds proclaim,
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name,
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
 All excellencies meet,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And shall forever sit :
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth and heaven :
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

HYMN LXVI.

Before, or in their work.

1 LET heathenish boys
 In their pastimes rejoice,
 be foolishly happy at play ;
 Overstock'd if *they* are,
 We have nothing to spare,
 a moment to trifle away.

2 Our minds to unbend,
 We need not offend,
 Or our Saviour by idleness grieve :
 Whatsoever we do,
 Our end is in view,
 And to JESUS his glory we live.

3 Recreation of mind
 We in exercise find,
 And our bodily strength is renew'd :
 New employment is ease,
 And our pleasure, to please
 By our labour a merciful GOD.

4 Our hearts and our hands
 He justly demands,

And

And both to our L O R D we resign,
Overpaid, if He smile
On our innocent toil,
And accept as a service divine.

5 In our useful employ
We his blessing enjoy,
Whither clearing, or digging the ground,
With songs we proclaim
Our Immanuel's name,
And our angels attend to the sound.

6 The meadow and field
True pleasure doth yield,
When to either with J E S U S we go.
Or a paradise find,
Like the Head of mankind,
And our pains on a garden bestow.

7 Howsoever employ'd
In the presence of G O D ,
We our forfeited E d e n regain,
And delightfully rise
To our L O R D in the skies,
In his fulness of glory to reign.



H Y M N S FOR G I R L S .

H Y M N LXVII.

1 A H ! dire effect of female pride !
A How deep our mother's sin, and wide,
Thro' all her daughters' spread !
Since first she pluck'd the mortal tree,
Each woman would a goddess be
In her Creator's stead.

2 This fatal vanity of mind,
A curse intail'd on all the kind,

Her

Her legacy we feel,
We neither can deny nor tame
Our inbred eagerness for fame,
And stubbornness of will.

3 The poison spreads throughout our veins,
In all our sex the evil reigns,

The arrogant offence,
In vain we strive the plague to hide ;
Our fig-leaves but bewray our pride,
And loss of innocence.

4 Deeper we sink, and deeper still,
In pride instructed and self-will,

As custom leads the way :
The world their infant charge receive,
To pleasure our young hearts we give,
And bow to passion's sway.

5 By folly taught, by nature led,
In senseless delicacy bred,

In soft luxurious ease :
A feeble mind and body meet,
And pride and ignorance compleat
Our total uselessness.

PART II.

1 SEE from the world's politest school
The goddess rise, mankind to rule,
As born for her alone !
Unclogg'd by thought, she issues forth,
And justly conscious of her worth,
Ascends her gaudy throne.

2 With lust of fame and pleasure fir'd,
The virgin shines caress'd, admir'd,
And idoliz'd by all :

Obedient to her dread command,
Around her throne the votaries stand,
Or at her footstool fall.

3 Prostrate before the idol's shrine,
 They celebrate her charms divine,
 Her beauty's awful power,
 By brutal appetite inspir'd,
 By passion urg'd, by Satan hir'd
 To damn whom they adore.

4 Eager she drinks their praises in,
 Repeats the heaven-invading sin,
 And seems with gods to dwell,
 Triumphant, 'till her hour is past,
 And quite undeified at last
 The finner sinks to hell.

P A R T III.

1 **H**OW highly favour'd then are we,
 Snatch'd from a world of vanity,
 And call'd in JESU's name
 To cultivate our tender mind,
 And peace and happiness to find
 With the atoning Lamb !

2 Our souls to God devoted are,
 And ask, and have our chieftest care,
 To fashion and improve,
 The only ornament we seek
 A spirit calm, and mild and meek,
 And rich in faith and love.

3 The one thing needful we pursue,
 And when we gain the prize in view,
 And when we faith receive,
 Still we renew the glorious strife,
 And trampling down the pride of life
 To God alone we live.

4 Cloath'd with humility and grace,
 Regardless of the fallen race,
 In angels eyes we shine,
 A robe of righteousness we wear,
 Than gold and pearls more precious far,
 And bought with blood divine.

5 By God approv'd, by man unknown,
The conquest of ourselves alone
We zealously desire,
The praise descending from above,
And none but our Redeemer's love
Our panting hearts require.

6 We for no worldly pleasures plead,
No innocent diversions need,
As Satan calls his joys :
His rattles let the tempter keep,
Or his own children rock to sleep
With such amusing toys.

7 The LOR D himself our portion is,
Unfading joy and solid blis s
We find with JESUS given,
We find, reclining on his breast,
Our present and eternal rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

HYMN LXVIII.

Primitive Christianity.

1 THE Christians of old, United in one,
As sheep in a fold, Were never alone,
As birds of a feather, They flock'd to their nest,
And shelter'd together In JESUS his breast.

2 However employ'd, Their joy was the same,
They never were cloy'd With hymning the
Lamb :
Their sole recreation To sing of his praise,
And publish salvation By JESUS his grace.

3 Small learning they had, And wanted no more :
Not many could read, But all could adore :
No help from the college Or school they re-
ceiv'd, [believ'd.
Content with his knowledge In whom they

- 4 No riches had they, But riches of grace,
No fondness for play, Or passion for praise:
No moments of leisure For trifling employs,
Poffest of the pleasure In God to rejoice.
- 5 Men in their own eyes Were children again,
And children were wise And solid as men;
The women were fearful Of nothing but sin:
Their hearts were all cheerful, Their consci-
ences clean.
- 6 Wrapt up in their L O R D , His service and love,
They liv'd and ador'd, like angels above,
To keep in his favour, Their lives they laid
down,
And now with their Saviour Inherit the crown.

PART II.

- 1 O Where are the men With virtue indow'd
To live, as did then The servants of God !
The ancient example, Who shews us again,
Courageous to trample Ore pleasure and pain.
- 2 O JESUS, on us The blessing bestow,
Our infancy chuse, Thy glory to shew,
In this generation Thy witnesses raise,
The heirs of salvation, The vessels of grace.
- 3 Accept our desire, And give us thy love,
Thy children inspire With faith from above :
Purge out the old leaven, And early convert,
And open an heaven Of grace in our heart.
- 4 Begotten again, And principled right,
Good works to maintain, And walk in thy fight,
We then shall recover That vigour of grace,
And gladly live over Those primitive days.
- 5 Our moments below Shall pleasantly glide,
While nothing we know But CHRIST crucified,
Our

Our whole conversation In songs shall approve,
Thy wonderful passion, thy ransoming love.

6 And if we must win The crown, like our God,
And strive against sin, Resisting to blood,
We more than victorious O'er death shall arise,
All happy and glorious With CHRIST in the
skies.

H Y M N S for the YOUNGEST.

H Y M N LXIX.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee:

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest God, forbid it not,
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stay'd,
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me, lull me, LORD, to rest.

4 Hold me fast in thine embrace,
Let me see thy smiling face,
Give me, LORD, thy blessing give,
Pray for me, and I shall live:

5 I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

6 O that I may never know
What the wicked people do!
Sin is contrary to Thee,
Sin is the forbidden tree.

7 Keep me from the great offence,
 Guard my helpless innocence,
 Hide me, from all evil hide,
 Self, and stubbornness and pride.

P A R T II.

1 **L**AMB of God, I look to Thee,
 Thou shalt my example be,
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
 Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
 Give me thy obedient heart ;
 Thou art pitiful and kind,
 Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Meek, and lowly may I be,
 Thou art all humility ;
 Let me to my betters bow,
 Subject to thy parents Thou.

4 Let me above all fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will,
 Never his good Spirit grieve,
 Only to his glory live.

5 Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek thine own,
 Thou thyself didst never please,
 God was all thy happiness.

6 Loving JESUS, gentle Lamb,
 In thy gracious hands I am,
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
 Live thyself within my heart.

7 I shall then shew forth thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days,
 Then the world shall always see
 CHRIST, the holy Child, in me.

HYMN LXX.

1. **L**AMB of God, I fain would be
A meek follower of Thee,
Gentle, tractable, and mild,
Loving as a little child :
- 2 Simple, ignorant of ill;
Guided by another's will,
Trusting Him for heavenly food,
Casting all my care on God.
- 3 Let me in thy footsteps tread,
Be to all the creatures dead,
Dead to pleasure, wealth, and praise,
Poor, and humble all my days.
- 4 Prepossess my tender mind,
Let me cast the world behind,
All its pomps and pleasures vain
Help me, Saviour, to disdain.
- 5 Thou my better Portion art,
Earth shall never share my heart,
I on all its goods look down,
I expect a starry crown :
- 6 I aspire to things above,
Lord, I give Thee all my love,
I will nothing know beside
Jesus, and Him crucified.

PART II.

1. **L**ET the potsherds of the earth
Boast their virtue, beauty, birth,
A poor guilty worm I am,
Ransom'd by the bleeding Lamb.
2. **J**ESUS, this be all my boast,
Thou hast sav'd a sinner lost,

Thou.

Thou hast spilt thy sacred blood,
Me to make a Child of God.

- 3 What a glorious title this,
Title to eternal bliss !
Thou for me thy life hast given,
Me to make an heir of heaven.
- 4 O enlarge my scanty thought
To conceive what Thou hast wrought,
Raise my grovling spirit up
To my heavenly calling's hope :
- 5 Greaten my contracted mind,
Saviour Thou of all mankind ;
What in man thy grace could move ?
O the riches of thy love !
- 6 Let thy love possess me whole,
Let it take up all my soul,
True magnificence impart,
Purify, and fill my heart.
- 7 I despise all earthly things,
Offspring to the King of kings,
God I for my Father claim,
JESUS is my brother's name,
- 8 Heaven is mine inheritance,
I shall soon remove from hence,
As the stars in glory shine,
CHRIST, and GOD, and all is mine !

H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 COME let us join the hosts above
Now in our youngest days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.
- 2 His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things :
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 We all his kind protection share,
Within his arms we rest;
The sucklings are his tenderest care,
While hanging on the breast.

4 We praise Him with a stammering tongue,
While under his defence,
He smiles to hear the artless song
Of childish innocence.

5 He loves to be remembred thus,
And honour'd for his grace,
Out of the mouth of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.

6 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honour and thanks be given,
Children, and Cherubim, adore
The Lord of earth and heaven!

HYMN LXXII.



Happy state of infancy!
Strangers to guilty fears,
We live from sin and sorrow free
In these our tender years.

2 Jesus the Lord our Shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem,
Our present and eternal bliss
Are both secur'd in Him.

3 His mercy every sinner claims;
For all his flock he cares,
The sheep He gently leads, the lambs
He in his bosom bears.

4 Loving He is to all his sons,
Who hearken to his call,
But us, his weak, his little ones,
He loves us best of all.

5 If unto us our friends are good,
 'Twas He their hearts inclin'd,
 He bids our fathers give us food,
 And makes our mothers kind.

6 Then let us thank Him for his grace,
 He will not disapprove
 Our meanest sacrifice of praise,
 Our childish prattling love.

H Y M N LXXIII.

1 COME let us our good GOD proclaim
 By earth and heaven ador'd ;
 Children are bid to praise his name,
 And magnify the LORD.

2 Let us with all his saints agree,
 With all his hosts above ;
 Part of his family are we,
 His family of love.

3 Worthless are our best offerings,
 Our songs are void of art,
 Yet God accepts the smallest things,
 Giv'n with a willing heart.

4 Us for the sake of CHRIST He loves
 Who did our souls redeem,
 And all our childish thoughts approves,
 When offer'd up thro' Him.

5 He makes us his peculiar care ;
 While by his Spirit led,
 We all his genuine children are,
 And on his bounty feed.

6 Though men despise our infancy,
 Angels attend our ways,
 On us they wait, yet always see
 Our heavenly Father's face.

7 Surrounded by a flaming host
 The bright Cherubic powers:
 Not all the kings of earth can boast
 Of such a guard as ours.

8 And while th' angelic army sings,
 With them we feebly join
 T' extol the glorious King of kings,
 The Majesty Divine.

HYMN LXXIV.

1 **L**OVER of little children, Thee,
 O JESUS, we adore;
 Our kind and loving Saviour be,
 Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thine arms,
 And we are truly blest,
 Thy new-born babes are safe from harms,
 While harbour'd in thy breast.

3 There let us ever, ever sleep
 Strangers to guilt and care,
 Free from the world of evil keep
 Our tender spirits there.

4 Still as we grow in years, in grace
 And wisdom let us grow,
 But never leave thy dear embrace,
 But never evil know.

5 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
 But ignorant of ill;
 In malice, subtlety, and pride
 Let us be children still.

6 Lover of little children, Thee,
 O JESUS, we adore,
 Our kind and loving Saviour be
 Both now and evermore.

H Y M N LXXV.

1 J E S U S, Son of *David*, hear,
 Thou whom angels glorify,
 Bless thine infant-worshipper,
 Me who now hosanna cry,
 Hardly understand the word ;
 Yet I humbly pray for grace,
 Teach my heart to call Thee **LORD**,
 Teach my heart to mean thy praise.

2 Me, they say, thy hands have made,
 Me, thy precious blood hath bought :
 But without thy Spirit's aid,
 This surpasses all my thought :
 Saviour, to my heart explain,
 Maker both of earth and sky,
 How could God become a man ?
 How could God for sinners die ?

3 Take me young into thy school,
 Me in my simplicity
 By thy word and Spirit rule,
 Thou my kind Instructor be ;
 Then I shall my Master prize,
 Then I shall my Saviour love,
 Till on angels wings I rise,
 Rise, and sing thy praise above.

H Y M N LXXVI.

For the morning.

1 F ATHER I wake thy love to praise,
 Which hath my weakness kept,
 Thy mercy did the angels place,
 To guard me while I slept.

2 I laid me down in peace, and rise
 Thy goodness to proclaim,
 Present my morning sacrifice,
 My thanks in *Jesus's* name.

3 Because He bought me with his blood,
 Into thy favour take,
 And still be merciful and good
 To me, for JESU's sake:

4 Throughout this day thy mercy shew,
 And still thy child defend,
 'Till all my spotless life below
 In heavenly glories end.

HYMN LXXVII.

For the evening.

1 SAVIOUR, Thou hast bestow'd on me
 The blessings of the light,
 And wilt my kind Preserver be
 Thro' this approaching night;

2 Evil from me far off remove,
 That with thy favour blest,
 Beneath the shadow of thy love
 I in thine arms may rest.

Thy gracious eye which never sleeps
 Is always fixt on man,
 Thy love the slumbering children keeps
 From sorrow, fear, and pain.

4 Wherefore I safely lay me down,
 And trust myself to Thee,
 The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Who ever pray'd for me.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 HOSANNA to Him Who ruleth on high !
 A world to redeem, He came from the sky;
 Th' Almighty Creator (O how could it be ?)
 Appear'd in our nature, An infant like me.

2 Who all the bright train Angelical made,
 Subjected to man. His parents obey'd,
 On sinners attended, Their minister was,
 And patiently ended His life on a cross.

3 O how shall I praise Thy wonderful love?
 Thy spirit of grace Send down from above,
 If still the dear Lover Of children Thou art,
 My Saviour, discover Thyself to my heart.

H Y M N LXXIX.

1 **T**HE children in their earliest days
 To Jesus brought, are truly blest:
 He folds them in his kind embrace,
 He warms them in his tender breast.

2 One of those happy children, me,
 Saviour, into thy arms receive,
 Brought by my parents prayers to Thee,
 O may I in thy kingdom live.

3 They tell me Thou art good indeed,
 And woud'st to all thy grace impart;
 Put then thy hands upon my head,
 Put faith into my simple heart.

4 Thee may I for my portion chuse,
 To Thee thro' life obedient prove,
 And now obtain, and never lose
 The blessing of my Saviour's love.

H Y M N LXXX.

1 **J**ESUS his own disciples chid
 Who out of false esteem
 The parents foolishly forbid
 That brought their babes to Him.

2 Methinks ev'n now I hear him say
 In fervent charity,
 I will not have them kept away;
 Bring all your babes to Me.

3 Tho' men our simpleness despise,
 Our Saviour doth maintain
 They must be small in their own eyes,
 If they with us would reign.

4 To little ones, and not to men,
 Is grace and glory given,
 Children they must become again,
 Or never enter heaven.

HYMN LXXXI.

1 **T**HEE, JESUS, the Son
 Of David I own,
 By all heaven ador'd, [Lord.
 Thou art come from above, in the name of the
 To the house I repair
 Of thanksgiving and prayer,
 With the children draw nigh,
 And aloud in the temple hosanna I cry.

2 In my earliest hour
 I acknowledge thy power,
 Thy wisdom approve, [love:
 And am taught by my parents to pray for thy
 Thee, an infant of days
 With wonder I praise,
 Thee the God over all
 I confess, and on Thee for salvation I call.

3 Let mercy attend,
 My soul to defend
 From offences and sins,
 While I scarcely can tell what iniquity means :
 But deliver thine own
 From the evil unknown,
 And assist me to cry
 " Let me live to be good, or in innocence die!"

HYMN LXXXII.

1 **A**LL glory to God,
 Who on man hath bestow'd
 The unspeakable gift of his Son!
 Little children we sing
 At the birth of a king,
 Who will give us a share of his throne.

2 His astonishing birth
 Brings peace upon earth,
 And praise to his Father above,
 Who is now reconciled
 By that innocent Child,
 And his anger is turn'd into love.

3 For Immanuel's sake,
 Who our nature did take,
 He is pleas'd with the children of men ;
 And if CHRIST we believe,
 Will his rebels receive
 To the arms of his mercy again.

4 By the Spirit of grace,
 We our Saviour embrace,
 And expect He again will come down,
 Our souls to remove
 By the power of his love,
 And with heavenly glory to crown.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

THOU whom angel-quires proclaim,
 Hast bid the children chant thy name,
 Loosen then the stammering tongue,
 Listen to my artless song :
 Now my infant voice I raise,
 Lisp an unknown Saviour's praise,
 And feebly thus begin to sing
 Under the shadow of thy wing.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

LORD, that I may sing to Thee,
 And make the sweetest melody,
 Bid my soul in hymns aspire,
 Echo to the Psalmist's lyre;
 Tune my heart to praise the Lamb,
 (Jesus his harmonious name)
 And when Thou dost from earth remove,
 Give me a golden harp above.

HYMN LXXXV.

WHEN JESUS darts his glorious light,
All heaven is ravish'd with the sight,
The Cherubs strike their golden lyres,
The Seraphs glow with brighter fires:
But when JESUS shews his face,
All are hush'd and lost in praise!

HYMN LXXXVI.

- 1 **I**N vain are children taught to pray,
Or praise a God unknown:
CHRIST is the true and living Way,
And God and CHRIST are one.
- 2 **W**hen'er we think on God Most High,
Whene'er his praise proclaim,
We think on Him, who stoop'd to die,
We bow to JESU's name.
- 3 **M**y God in JESUS reconcil'd,
Declare thyself to me,
If still an uncorrupted child,
Yet still I know not Thee.
- 4 **T**o make my sinful nature pure,
Thy Spirit, LORD, impart,
And me from actual sin secure,
By dwelling in my heart.

HYMN LXXXVII.

OMight I in my youthful days
Reflect on my Creator's grace,
Call on my heavenly Father's name,
Whose mercy made me what I am,
Whose love out of his bosom gave
His only Son, a world to save,
To buy, and wash me with his blood,
And bring my new-born soul to God.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

1 CHILDREN have a right to sing
 Praises to their Infant-King,
 Tell how CHRIST the holy Child
 God and man hath reconcil'd.

2 Whom the heavens cannot contain,
 Very GOD and very man,
 GOD was in his infancy
 Weak and ignorant like me.

3 Wherefore did He stoop so low ?
 JESUS, help my heart to know,
 Thou who didst my flesh receive,
 Unto me thy Spirit give.

4 Thus explain the mystery ;
 Then I shall be one with Thee,
 Then I shall above the sky
 Endless hallelujah's cry.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

1 TO God the Creator of all
 My earliest tribute I pay,
 On Him with humility call,
 And promise his laws to obey :
 I promise alas, but in vain,
 Unless He his Spirit bestow,
 From folly and sin to restrain,
 And keep me wherever I go.

2 O Father of mercies, attend,
 (Though now I in ignorance cry,)
 And teach me on Him to depend,
 My Advocate there in the sky :
 Whatever I ask in the name
 Of JESUS, I hear, shall be done,
 As due to that innocent Lamb,
 As claim'd by thine heavenly Son.

H Y M N

HYMN XC.

1 LET all that breathe, Jehovah praise,
 Almighty all-creating LORD,
 Let earth and heaven his power confess,
 Brought out of nothing by his word !
 He spake the Word, and it was done,
 The universe his Word obey'd :
 His Word is his eternal Son,
 And CHRIST the whole Creation made.

2 JESUS the LORD and GOD most high,
 Maker of all mankind and me,
 Me Thou hast form'd to glorify,
 To know, and love, and live for Thee :
 Wherefore to Thee my heart I give,
 (But Thou must first bestow the power)
 And if on earth for Thee I live,
 Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

HYMN XCI.

1 WHO shall join the acclamation
 Of that bright celestial quire,
 While with rapt'rous exultation
 All in songs of praise aspire ?
 Hallelujah
 Sounds from every tuneful lyre.

2 I, if here I love my Lover,
 Here my heart to JESUS give,
 When this mortal life is over,
 Shall an harp and crown receive,
 Hallelujah
 Sing, as long as GOD shall live.

HYMN XCII.

1 THE Judge of all shall soon come down,
 Bright on his everlasting throne,
 Summon the nations to his bar,
 And I shall take my trial there.

2 JESUS, be now my Friend with GOD,
And wash me in thy precious blood;
That at thy last appearance I
May shouting meet Thee in the sky.

H Y M N XCIII.

HAPPY beyond description he,
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his birth to run:
Its ways are ways of pleasantnes,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
An heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign
With just and holy scorn,
Chearful and blith my way pursue,
And with the promis'd land in view
Singing to GOD return.

H Y M N XCIV.

1 **T**HOU the great, eternal LORD,
Art high above our thought,
Worthy to be fear'd, ador'd
By those thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyself compare,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky:
We, and all thy creatures are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power
To Thee the praise we give,
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
When Thou wilt to work proceed,
None thy purpose can withstand,
Frustrate the determin'd deed,
Or stay th' Almighty hand.

3 Theu

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone,
Thy counsel doth excel,
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who can find the mystery,
Thy judgments deep abyss explain?
Thou whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man.

4 Thou the holy God and pure,
Hatest iniquity,
Evil Thou canst not endure,
Or let it stay with Thee:
Who from sin refuse to turn,
Sinners with Thee shall never dwell,
But thy righteous wrath shall burn
After their souls to hell.

5 Good Thou art, and good Thou dost,
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those on Thee who trust,
And for thy mercies call:
New they every morning are:
As Fathers, when their children cry,
Us Thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

6 Mercy o'er thy works presides,
Thy Providence display'd
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made,
Keeps with more distinguish'd care
The man that on thy love depends,
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his steps attends.

7 Who can find the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace,
Grace which gave thine only Son
To save our ruin'd race!

Millions of transgressors poor
 Thou hast for JESU's sake forgiven,
 Made them of thy favour sure,
 And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

8 Millions more Thou ready art
 To save, and to forgive,
 Every Soul, and every heart
 Of man thou woudst receive:
 Father, now accept of mine
 Which now thro' CHRIST I offer Thee,
 Tell a child, in love divine,
 That thou hast pardon'd me.

H Y M N XCV.

1 **O** Father, I am but a child,
 My body is made of the earth,
 My nature alas, is defil'd,
 And a sinner I was from my birth;
 Not worthy to lift up my face
 To a God on his heavenly throne,
 Yet allow me to pray for thy grace,
 For without it I must be undone.

2 I cannot obey thy commands
 Unassisted by grace from above;
 No grace I deserve at thy hands,
 Yet I hope to recover thy love:
 Thy mercy is promis'd to all,
 The Giver of JESUS Thou art,
 And therefore attend to my call,
 And discover his love to my heart.

H Y M N XCVI.

1 **T**O me thy compassion extend,
 For the sake of thy heavenly Son,
 From Satan and sin to defend,
 And a world full of evil unknown:

An

An invisible enemy's power
 Ever near to destroy me I have,
 A lion intent to devour:
 Let mercy be nearer to save.

2 That mercy I languish to feel,
 If mercy infuse the desire,
 My need of a Saviour reveal,
 My soul with the hunger inspire:
 O Father, an infant allure
 In a way that I never have known,
 And me by thy Spirit assure
 That mercy and JESUS are one.

HYMN XCVII. *Thanksgiving.*

1 COME, my companions dear,
 With mine your voices raise,
 Let us with heart sincere
 Attempt our Saviour's praise,
 And while our souls to heaven ascend,
 Begin the song that ne'er shall end.

2 Of whom should children sing,
 But of that holy child
 Who to their heavenly King
 Hath reconcil'd?
 Peace upon earth He doth bestow:
 Rejoice in God reveal'd below.

3 Who earth and heaven commands
 In years and wisdom grew,
 'Till seiz'd by wicked hands,
 They wounded him and slew:
 But in his blood our peace is seal'd,
 And by his wounds our souls are heal'd!

4 Then let us bless his name,
 And thank him for his grace:
 Worthy is CHRIST the Lamb
 Of universal Praise,

Praise

Praise be on Him by all bestow'd
Who lives, the one eternal GOD !

H Y M N XCVIII.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is, that I
Should my Maker glorify,
Born for this alone I am,
God to praise thro' JESU's name:
Author of my life, receive
Praise the best a child can give.
- 2 Teach me, as I older grow,
Thee in CHRIST aright to know,
That I may thy blessings prize,
Bring Thee JESUS sacrifice,
Thee with understanding praise,
Love, and serve Thee all my days.

H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Father for his love,
CHRIST He sent us from above,
Publish the Redeemer's praise,
Bles the Spirit of his grace,
He reveals the trinity,
Three in one, and one in three.
- 2 Glory be to God alone,
One in three, and three in one,
God from whom all blessings spring
Every child of Adam sing,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost.

H Y M N C.

THE Father above,
The Son of his love,
We adore with the Spirit of grace,
Till he bids us arise
To our thrones in the skies,
And eternity spend in his praise.

